

Airplane Mode

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Airplane Mode

by [hendollana](#)

Summary

“Dude, it’s literally not,” Sapnap starts, pushing himself up off the headboard of Dream’s bed, “You’ve been dating George for like, eight months, and your own mom doesn’t even know?”

“How am I meant to tell her that I met my boyfriend on a fucking Minecraft Discord server?”

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or, George finally meets Dream's parents.

Notes

happy late valentines day <333

this was originally gna be just a met on discord au but then i hated it and somehow turned it into a telling/meeting the parents so... yes enjoy

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“I still can’t believe you haven’t told your mom.”

Dream sighs, lifting his gaze from the monitor in front of him to Sapnap.

“I mean, to be fair, it’s a hard conversation to have.”

“Dude, it’s literally not,” Sapnap starts, pushing himself up off the headboard of Dream’s bed, “You’ve been dating George for like, eight months, and your own mom doesn’t even know?”

“How am I meant to tell her that I met my boyfriend on a fucking Minecraft discord server?” Dream counters.

Sapnap laughs at this, he always does whenever Dream mentions the way he met George. Dream would laugh too, he has before, grinning about it when he told his sister who the guy she used to hear him on call with in the middle of the night before he moved out was. It’s funny, Dream *knows* it’s funny that he met the love of his life on Discord.

Apart from, it doesn’t seem very funny anymore when George is a day away from stepping onto a plane headed right into Dream’s hometown. It’s exciting, and terrifying, and quite possibly the best thing that’s ever going to happen in his life, but it’s not *funny*.

“She’s going to kill you, you know?” Sapnap muses, smiling when Dream groans in frustration.

“I *know*, okay?”

“She’s gonna come round to drop us off food, and see this complete stranger in our house and then what, Dream?”

“Please, shut up,” Dream stresses, glaring at his friend, “I’ll tell her I met him at college, or something.”

“George will be having absolutely none of that.” Sapnap states, and Dream knows it’s true.

He knows that George hates it that Dream’s parents don’t know about them yet, knows that it must sting every time George mentions that his own mother says hi and Dream has nothing from his. He already feels guilty enough without Sapnap on his case.

“I’ll figure it out, okay?” Dream says, “Now get out, I love you, but George said he’d call me in five minutes.”

“Yeah, yeah, love you too.” Sapnap says, standing up and leaving Dream’s room with a quick ruffle of the older mans hair.

Dream spins back around on his chair to face the screen that has Discord pulls up on it, eyes drifting to he and George’s previous messages.

george

i need to finish packing, but i'll call you after

dream

okay, don't bother taking any hoodies though

george

why? O-o

dream

because you can wear mine, obviously

and it gives you extra suitcase space

george

weirdo

dream

is that an agreement?

george

....

i'm gonna call you in five

Dream can't stop the smile that etches across his skin, he's glad Sapnap's left, so the younger isn't there to poke fun at the way Dream's eyes light up even when reading his messages with George.

He's so in love, it hurts.

Dream never really thought he'd be the type to have a long distance relationship, he'd sort of always imagined himself finding a partner in college. Someone he made eye contact with across a lecture hall, or a drunken hook-up in a frat house turned into something more.

But he never thought he'd fall in love with a guy across the ocean that he plays bed wars with. How could Dream not though, how could he spend hours messaging George, messaging turned into calls, calls turned into video, and *not* fall in love with too big headphones, messy brown hair, eyes that look different every way the light hits them.

Dream just thinks he's lucky that George feels the same way.

The familiar tune of a Discord call rings out through Dream's speakers, and he's clicking answer before even checking the contact name. It'll be George, it's always George.

"Hi," George says, voice flowing through Dream's now connected headphones, "I can't believe the next time I say hi to you, it'll be in person."

Dream smiles, and he knows the disbelief is evident on his face, "I know, fuck, we're *finally* meeting, George."

George mirrors Dream's smile through the screen, and Dream is hit with the fact that in less than twenty four hours he'll be able to reach out and run his thumb along George's lips.

"Are you gonna cry?" George grins, quirking his head to the side when Dream snorts.

"No."

"Liar," George replies, and Dream watches as he leans forward and rests his head on his sleeve covered hand, "You're totally going to cry."

"Maybe," Dream shrugs, and he thinks he actually could, might not be able to help but let a few tears slip as he finally hugs George, "Are you all packed?"

"Uh huh," George nods, twisting his webcam so Dream can see the bulging suitcase on his bed, "No hoodies."

"Good." Dream says softly, and he wonders if he should tell George that he's probably going to die when he sees his boyfriend in one of his hoodies, wonders if George knows how many times Dream's laid awake at night picturing George sprawled on his chest, a hoodie of Dream's engulfing him.

"So, I was wondering," George begins, eyes dancing around nervously, "Are we going to see your parents when I'm in Florida?"

Dream hates himself a little for the way his face falls, and for the way George's reflects his through his screen.

"George," Dream begins, voice low in a way that George usually loves, "You know that they don't know."

George scoffs, and they've had this fight before. So many times Dream can barely count, because it's all they really argue about. Dream knows he's lucky, knows how amazing it is that he's met his soulmate, and even though there's distance, Dream connects to George in a way he never has with anyone else.

Maybe that's why it's so hard to tell his parents, his parents who still picture Dream marrying the neighbours daughter, his parents who were okay with him being bi, but didn't love it, his parents who don't even know who George is, let alone that George is Dream's everything.

"Whatever," George mutters, but it's not whatever judging by the way George's eyes are downcast, "I don't wanna fight the day before we meet."

"I know, nor do I," Dream replies, and tries his hardest to ignore the guilt swirling in his stomach, "I love you, George, you know that?"

The older looks up in his webcam at that, and Dream feels himself marvel at the way an 'I love you' still makes George blush.

"Yeah, I love you too."

The airport is busy, bustling with people at arrivals, but Dream enjoys it. He likes watching lovers reunite, kids running into the arms of parents away on business, friends dropping their suitcases on the ground as they embrace.

Dream won't deny the nerves coursing through him though, he'd felt sick with excitement mixed with a dose of anxiety ever since George had text him to let him know he was taking off ten hours ago.

It sort of feels like an out of body experience, waiting in the airport to finally meet the man he's spent more time talking to in the past year than anybody else. Dream doesn't even know how he's going to react when he sees George, he doesn't even know how he's meant to react. It feels surreal, the most important moment in Dream's life happening on a random Wednesday in June.

george

i'm here

Dream's phone pings, and now his heart is racing as he stuffs the phone into his pocket and glances around baggage claims. Eyes searching for brown hair he's longed to touch, arms he's dreamed of wrapping around his.

It really does feel surreal when Dream's eyes lock on George. George, just standing there fiddling with his suitcase handle, looking around the airport nervously.

"*George* ." Dream breathes out, ignoring the weird looks the family next to him give him as he breaks into a jog, running towards where George is.

It's even more surreal when Dream is face to face with George, George who's stayed up well into the wee hours of the night just to calm Dream down from a spiral, George who giggles when Dream compliments him, George who sends Dream risky Snapchats during class, George who Dream loves more than he's ever loved anyone.

"Dream," George says, and Dream knows his own face mirrors the awe on George's, "Holy shit."

Dream doesn't even respond, just walks that one step closer to George and wraps his arms around him. It's perfect, and warm, and George smells like planes and fresh rain and everything Dream's ever imagined.

"George," Dream repeats, getting used to the way his name feels on his tongue with George right in front of him, "You're here, fuck, you're here."

"I'm here," George laughs, pulling his head just far enough out of where it had been buried in Dream's hoodie clad chest, "You're so tall."

"Yeah," Dream agrees through his laughter, and they *knew* the height difference, but it still fills Dream's stomach with butterflies when he sees the way George has to tilt his head up to make eye contact, "You're so pretty."

George blushes, a pink that paints his cheeks and Dream can't stop himself from cupping George's face and bringing their lips together. If hugging George felt like a visit to heaven, kissing him feels like angels themselves are in their presence. It makes it all worth it, four in the morning Discord

calls complaining that the time zone sucks, that it's not fair that George's roommate has a hook-up over and they can't even hold hands. It's so worth it when George is gasping against his spit slicken lips, smiling in the middle of kissing.

"I love you," George whispers like a prayer when they pull away, "I love you so much."

Having George around goes from the most unconceivable thing in Dream's life to feeling like a second nature. They're laying on Dream's bed, George on his stomach between Dream's legs, and it feels so *normal*. It's only been two days, but having George sat at his and Sapnap's kitchen feels like it was never not like that. Maybe that's what spurs the next words out of Dream's mouth.

"Georgie," Dream muses, dragging his hand up where it's placed on George's back to play with the hair on the nape of his neck, "I'm going to tell my parents, about us, I want you to meet them."

"Yeah?" George smiles crookedly, leaning up slightly on Dream's bare chest, "For real?"

"For real," Dream nods, "I'm sorry, though, for not telling them sooner. That was shitty of me, and I hate that it's made me having you here for me to realise that I don't give a fuck about what they think, because I wanna tell the whole world how much I love you."

George is full out grinning now, "Well, better late than never."

"Fuck it, I'll call my mom now." Dream states, because he's nothing if not impulsive.

"Okay, want me to leave?"

"Nah," Dream shakes his head, running his fingers through to the ends of George's hair before reaching over to grab his phone, "Need you for moral support."

"Cutie," George smiles, lifting his head off Dream's chest to press a kiss onto his nose, "I'll even hold your hand during."

Dream's smiling too now, relaxed around George in a way he usually isn't with anyone, catching George's lips in a short kiss after unlocking his phone.

"It'll be fine," Dream states, but it's mostly to reassure himself, "And if not, I don't even care."

That's a lie, Dream does care. But it feels as if it won't be the end of the world as Dream presses call on his mom's contact with loud speaker on, not with the way George is looking up and Dream and the tight grip his slender fingers have around Dream's own.

Dream's mom answers on the second ring, she always answers on the second ring.

"Hey," Dream speaks, and he knows he sounds off, "Mom, hi."

"What a lovely surprise to hear from you." Is his mom's reply, and it probably is a surprise, Dream moved out six months ago and cut contact down to a weekly food drop off and texts to his little sister.

"Yeah, how are you?"

“I’m great, and your dad is too,” Dream’s mom replies, “Drista misses you, you should come visit.”

“About that,” Dream starts, and his pounding heart is calmed only by the small kiss George presses on the skin above it, “If I come visit, can I bring a guest?”

“Who, sweetie? If it’s Sapnap, then yes of course.”

“Uh, not quite,” Dream breathes out quietly, in a way this is worse than coming out, it’s unignorable, it’s terrifying, but it’s worth it by the way George is staring up at him with hope dancing in his eyes, “It’s actually my boyfriend, that I want to bring.”

“Oh,” Dream’s mom replies, and Dream is so grateful for the tightened grip George presses into his fingers, “I didn’t know you had a boyfriend, who is he?”

“Um, his name is George.”

“George? Is he from school?”

“Not quite,” Dream says, smiling a little when George breathes a silent laugh, “It’s kind of difficult to explain, it’ll be easier over dinner?”

“Yes, yes of course, tonight?”

“Works for us,” Dream says, after George nods in conformation, “Love you, mom.”

“Love you too, sweetie.”

Every single reassurance George had whispered onto Dream’s skin feels futile as they stand on the porch of Dream’s childhood home. Words of love pressed into kisses turned into sweaty palms gripping a bouquet of flowers.

“It’ll be *fine*,” George stresses, tugging on the neckline of the navy sweater Dream had pulled over his head in an attempt to look smart, “She seemed fine with it on the phone.”

“I know,” Dream replies, wrapping an arm around George’s shoulders, “I know it’ll be fine, I’m just nervous because I want them to love you as much as I do.”

“As much as you?” George laughs, “Is that even possible?”

“Good point, but I just want it to go perfect.”

George rolls his eyes fondly, leaning over slightly to bump his head lightly on Dream’s shoulder, “Just ring the doorbell, idiot.”

Dream takes one final deep breath, before pushing his finger onto the soft rubber of the doorbell. It’ll be fine, everything is fine with George by his side.

The door opens with a familiar creak that reminds Dream of late nights sneaking in, giggles hidden in the crook of an elbow and Sapnap tipsily walking behind him. Dream wonders if now it’ll

remind him of his families acceptance.

"Dream!"

It's Drista who answers the door, blond curls bouncing as she pulls Dream into a hug, and he lets out a sigh of relief.

"Hey, Dris," Dream smiles, ruffling her hair as they pull away, "This is George."

Drista grins, and Dream wonders if George notices the similarities in their smiles, "Hello, George, I've heard lots about you."

"All good I hope?" George replies, sounding a little nervous, Dream sends a hand squeeze of reassurance.

"Obviously," Drista replies, and Dream can almost feel tension drain from George, "Anyway, come in, mom's made fajitas."

Dream turns a little, and feels almost completely at ease when he's met with George's soft smile. It's going to be fine. George is smiling and everything is going to be fine. The house is just as it was when Dream left six months ago, family portraits and school photos lining the walls, pictures from homecoming and football games propped up on drawers lining the hall.

Dream can tell George wants to stop, wants to look around and peer into Dream's childhood, usually he'd indulge it but Dream can hear his mom and dad talking quietly in the dining room, and he sort of wants to get this over and done with. He's still holding George's hand, and it does wonders to ease the tightening of his chest as they round the corner and walk in.

It returns with a vengeance when Dream makes eye contact with his parents though, they're smiling but Dream can't help but let his mind wonder to if it's all an act.

"Sweetie," His mom says, walking over and pulling Dream into a tight hug, and it feels so right, feels like scraped knees kissed better, Sunday baths before school, cinnamon cookies on Halloween, it's all going to be okay.

"Hi, Mom," Dream replies, squeezing into the hug before pushing away, "This is George, my boyfriend."

The next few seconds feel like a millennia, it feels like Dream's entire life is resting on the way his mom looks George up and down with a smile.

"Hi, George, lovely to meet you."

"You too, ma'am." George replies, and Dream's heart clenches at the politeness, aches at the way George's handles fidget under his sleeves.

"Oh! None of that!" Dream's mom replies, and Dream feels himself smile at the soft tone, the way George's lips lift into a smile.

George is turning to Dream with a smile now, and Dream suddenly feels so silly for worrying so much, as if his love for George isn't the most important thing in the world, as if his own parents wouldn't see how happy George makes him.

"Son, so great to see you," Dream's dad pipes in, "And you too, George, I feel like we've got a lot of catching up on to do."

"Yeah," Dream agrees sheepishly, running a hand through his hair, "We do."

Later, when they're back home and George is cuddled into his side, exhausted from explaining how a video game and a messaging app turned into love and travelling half way across the world, Dream knows that he's one of the lucky ones.

"Told you it would be fine." George murmurs, head working its way further into Dream's shoulder.

"Only because you're so loveable."

George snorts, lightly punching his fist into Dream's chest, "Nah, only because I love you so much."

End Notes

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